

it, and many are the scoffs and jeers of the world, the only hindrance from following Jesus to-day.

Excuses, as a piece of land, a pair of oxen, or a wife, and such like will fail in our extreme necessity. But if we follow Jesus daily, when he comes, "And surely I come quickly," we will be ready to meet him. "Let us watch therefore unto prayer," "For in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

"When Jesus comes to reward his servants,
Whether it be noon or night;
Faithful to him will he find us watching
With our lamps all trimmed and bright."
Kansas City, Mo.

Home Circle

Our Heroes

Here's a hand to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right.
When he falls in the way of temptation,
He has a hard battle to fight;
Who strives against self and his comrades
Will find a most powerful foe.
All honor to him if he conquers;
A cheer for the boy who says, "No!"
There's many a battle fought daily
The world knows nothing about;
There's many a brave little soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.
And he who fights sin single-handed
Is more of a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle
And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted,
To do what you know to be right;
Stand firm by the colors of manhood
And you will overcome in the fight.
'The right,' by your battle cry ever
In waging the warfare of life,
And, God, who knows who are the heroes,
Will give you the strength for the strife.

Phæbe Cary.

A Man's Ideal

Exchange.

"If I were a woman," said a man worth quoting to a correspondent. "I would think nothing better worth my while than to first have a liberal education. I do not mean by that that I would be satisfied with nothing less than a college training, tho that is good in its way, and I would know history and geography and literature, with enough arithmetic to attend to my own accounts and business affairs should occasion require. If I were a woman I should consider myself very incompetent to take up the lines of household management without a good working knowledge of cooking and cleaning and sewing. If I were a woman I would learn to do every bit of work that is generally conceded to lie within woman's domain.

"If I were a woman," says another man, "I would inform myself upon the topics of the times and current events. I would know something about the latest books, the latest plays, a little about music and a little about art, even if I could not know much about any of these things. Then when my husband or my children or my friends were ready for a half-hour's chat I could be counted on to be companionable. I would never discuss the

servant question, and I would never tell about the little hitches in the domestic machinery."

This man's ideal woman stands out very clearly. She is the companionable woman.

When You Visit Remember—

Presbyterian.

If a pleasure is proposed, accept it. You are expected to be entertained.

The host's chair and the host's desk are not to be invaded.

Keep your own room neat. Disorder is most trying to the maid, who will complain of it. And be agreeable to all guests, whether you like them or not.

Always ask your hostess what her plans are for the day and abide by them.

All visitors should recollect that their evenings belong to the host and hostess, and they are expected to add to their enjoyment.

Absent yourself some hours in the morning so that the mistress of the house will have a chance to settle her affairs. This sort of consideration is appreciated.

Be stone blind, deaf and dumb to all family matters of an unpleasant nature in a household. Be punctual at meals. To be late is a disrespect to your hostess—bad form for yourself.

Saving One of Nine Lives

Exchange.

The story has been told some time since by the Boston papers of the rescue of a kitten that had fallen down a forty foot ventilator flue in the postoffice. It was imprisoned for several days.

Notice of the affair was brought to the architect late on a Saturday afternoon. The cries of the kitten could be faintly heard, and the would-be rescuer at first thought he would cut thru the marble facing of the apartment in which the flue was located. Fortunately some one suggested that perhaps the prisoner would sieze the end of a line if it were weighted with something bulky and readily laid hold upon.

The experiment was tried, and strange to say, the nearly starved creature almost instantly took fast hold with its claws. The rope was very carefully and slowly drawn up, and the kitten with it. She was very weak, but warm milk; admistered at intervals, soon restored her.

Phillips Brooks as a Nurse

Ladies' Home Journal.

Doctor Brooks was calling on some of his poorer parishioners one day and found one woman looking very tired and miserable, with several little children and one small baby under her care. He told her she ought to go out and take a walk with the older children, the day being a beautiful one. She replied that she had no one with whom she could leave the baby.

"Leave it with me," answered Doctor Brooks. And he remained with the baby until the woman returned brighter and better for the breath of fresh air she had obtained.

Jennie's Habit

Michigan Christian Advocate.

Jennie had a habit of not staying where she was told to stay, till once, in the middle of the night, she had a dream:

"Jennie," said her father, "you wait in this store till I come back, for if you should wander off in these mixey city streets I might never find you again."

Twenty minutes later the man-organ-monkey aggregation passes by, and Jennie followed after. But she had not gone far before a witch woman from a side street swooped down upon her.

"Bless all my surroundings?" laughed the witch. "Just the buttons I've been looking for?" And she commenced snipping the buttons from Jennie's cloak.

"And is it possible that I see straight, and am looking at the very shoes my baby was crying for yesterday?" And off come Jennies shoes.

"And turn me into a mummy if here isn't money? I sadly need some money, all I can get." And Jennie's money was gone.

"And bless my soul! Bless my soul twice over!" ejaculated the witch in ecstasy. "Look at these curls! Worth five dollars in the market any day. Where are my scissors till I snip them off? Where are my scissors, I say? Scissors! Scissors! My crown for a pair o' scissors!"

Just then Jennie screamed, screamed twice and thrice, and away the witch flew.

"What is the matter with my little girl?" It was mother's voice.

"O mother," sobbed Jennie convulsively, "the witch snipped off my curls, and—and my buttons, and she took my money, and my shoes, and she's run away with them all! O mother!"

"Why child alive, you have been dreaming. Here are all your curls fast on your head. Don't you feel 'em?" and mother pulled one. "And your jacket is in the closet, your shoes are right here at the foot of the bed, and your money is all safe."

"Are you sure, mother?"

"Why, yes, my dear child. You have been dreaming."

The little girl, now held fast in mother's loving arms, thought a moment, looked about her, and then said:

"I know now I was dreaming. I thought that father told me to stay in some store while he was gone, and—and I didn't stay. Oh, I'll never run away again, mother."

Twenty minutes later Jennie was fast asleep, and her next dream was about a beautiful garden of roses, and a sweet fairy who said:

"I am delighted, Jennie, that you have resolved to quit your old bad habit of running away, and now I shall come to see you real often. In fact, if you keep your good resolution, then I'll stay with you all the time."

Then Jennie laughed in her sleep and said: "Oh dear fairy, I will be good! I will be good! For I want you to live in my heart forever!"